

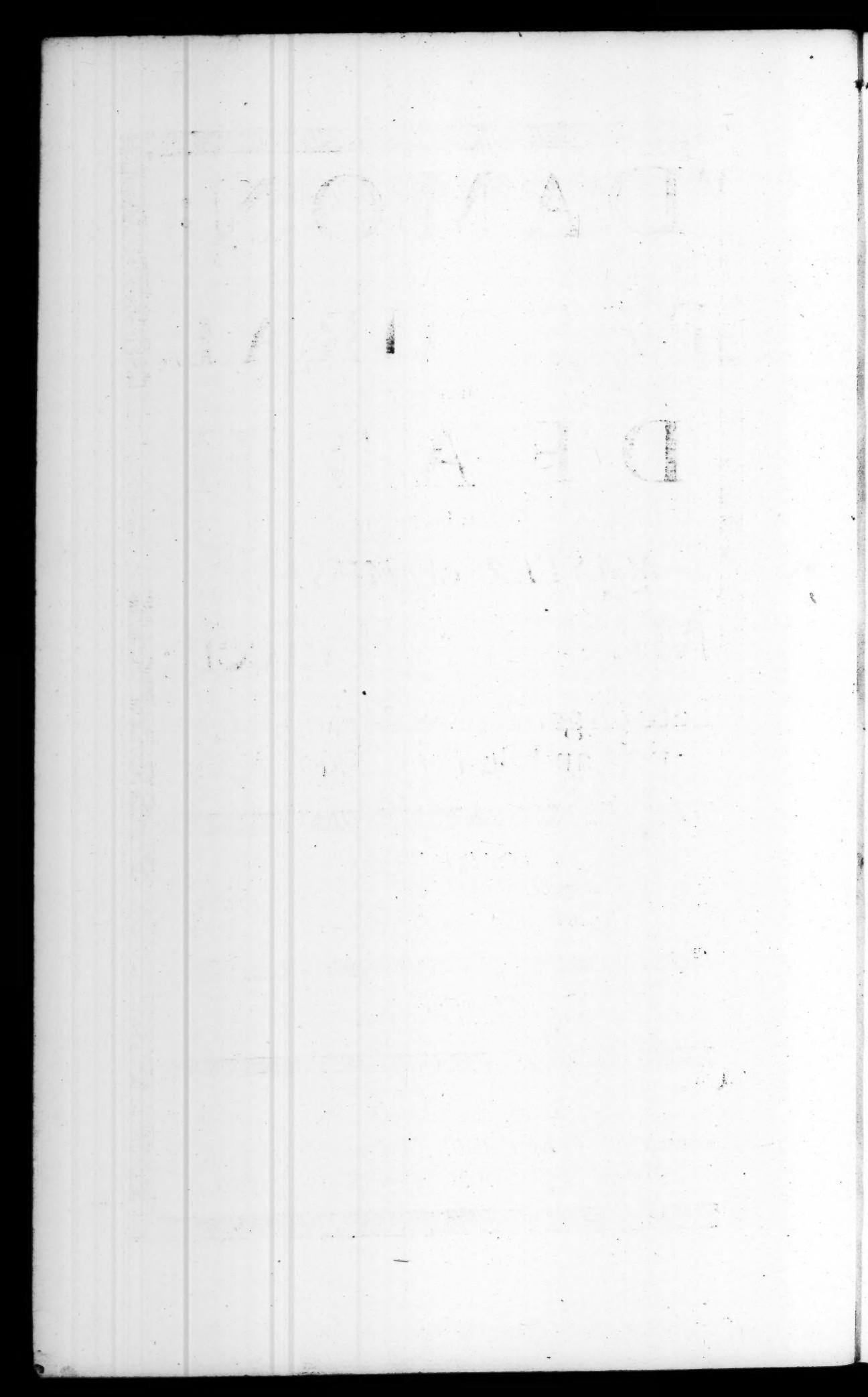
^{3^d}DAMON:
A
PASTORAL,
Lamenting the
DEATH
Of that Incomparable
MASTER of MUSICK,
Mr. Henry Purcell;
Late Organist of his Majesty's Chapel, and St. Peter's Westminster.

*— Cui liquidem pater
Vocem cum citharâ dedit.
Quando ullum invenient parem ?*

Hor.
Ibid.

By J. G. M. A.

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford, in the
Middle-Temple Change, in Fleetstreet. 1696.



DAMON and THYRSIS.

Dam. **B**eneath this dismal Yew with Moss o'er-grown,
Where nought but Tears are dropt,
and Sighs are blown.

Begirt with balefull *Cypress*-Trees around,
Which gloomy Night and black Despair surround :
Where ne'er Salubrious Herb, or Fragrant Flow'r
Did spring and smile ; where ne'er fell Fertile Show'r ;
But th' humid Skies a damp perpetual wear,
And dusky Mists hang in the lazy Air.
Here, here we'll lie, with *Cypress* Chaplets crown'd,
Our Heads reclining on th' unwholsom Ground ;
We'll lie and sing, how our Great *Pan* is dead,
With whom the Soul of Hartmony is fled :
In mutual Plaints we'll sweetly sigh our Grief,
Ah ! Grief which here admits of no Relief :
Come, let's begin and sing *Arcadia's* Loss,
And let *Pan* all our Sighs, and all our Tears engrosl.

Thyr. Alas ! how can we sing, now He is gone !
He taught us Songs, without Him we learnt none :
The little Birds their chirping Notes have lost ;
Which, imitating Him, they once cou'd boast :
No more can *Philomel* with Tunefull Voice
The Gladsum Woods and Echoing Hills rejoice ;
Swans only sing : and only sing to die,
Warbling their own, and his sad Elegy.

The hooting Owls, those Birds obscene of Night,
 With Screeches shape their Inauspicious Flight
 To croaking Ravens: hideous Screams then rend
 Th' affrighted Plain, and deadly Fates portend.
 But who can sing in Sweet, Harmonious Lays,
 Equal to our departed Master's Praise?
 Cou'd I but pattern his Pathetick Strain,

* Words upon Mr. J. Play-ford's Death, Sett incomparably by Mr. Purcell.

* *Theron*, belov'd of *Pan* and dear to *Phæbus* Train;

Like Him I'de make each flinty Rock relent,

And the mov'd Stones give their new Passion vent.

But I am young in Art, and must decline
 This Task, which with Reluctance I resign ;
 Thou best know'st how to sing, and how to mourn ;
 He gave thee Skill, which to his Praise return.

Dam. Hence, hence, *Terpsichore*, hence from my Sight
 Be gone, to distant Regions wing thy Flight :
 Hence with thy jocond Thoughts and jolly Train
 Of Fancies, which oft revell'd in my Brain.
 On Sighs, then Air, Camelion like I'll live,
 And Tears I'll drink, and drink 'em oft to grieve.
 Come to my Arms, *Melpomene* I'm blest
 In thy Embrace, thou Mistress of my Breast ;
 With thee I'll sigh all Night, and weep all Day,
 In sobbing Accents mourn my Soul away ;
 Great *Pan*'s no more : let *Arcadia* deplore
 Th' Irreparable Loss ; Great *Pan*'s no more.

Lament, lament, ye wretched Nymphs and Swains,
Lament Great Pan deceas'd, in Mournfull Strains.

And lo ! the Muses mourn, deep Sables wear,
 Untune their Lyres, and dolefull Swains prepare :
 The Graces weep, clad in a ruefull Dres,
 No pleated Vest is seen nor braided Tres :

Wild are their Looks, dishevell'd is their Hair,
And their loose Garments ruffle in the Air.

Venus with piteous Wailing vents a Groan,
Her Doves sit by, murmur, and with her moan :
Cupid unbrates too his little Bow,
And flings it wide, his Shafts are useless now.
The rugged Satyrs full of Grief forbear
Each Antick Gesture and each Comick Jeer ;
The *Dryads*, with the *Sylvans* and the *Fauns*,
No more in Dances trip it o'er the Lawns ;
All cry, *Pan's* gone to the dark Shades below,
Condoling Eccho sighing, answers,---- Oh!

Lament, lament, ye wretched Nymphs and Swains,
Lament, Great Pan deceas'd, in Mournfull Strains.

Never was Earth blest with such Heav'nly Sound,
Never were Swains in such deep Transports drown'd,
As when the Skillfull Shepherd touch'd his Reed,
Others which far, did very far exceed :
Ecstatick Raptures fill'd our ravish'd Mind,
So lost, that we our selves cou'd scarcely find ;
We sunk beneath th' unwieldy Load of Bliss,
And fainted : but not thought the Charm amiss.
As Infant-Violets and the op'ning Rose
To court our smelling fragrant Sweets disclose ;
So did his Lays melodious Sweets dispense,
To charm the Ear and captivate the Sence.
His Mystick Airs strange Pleasures cou'd impart,
Cou'd raise the Soul, as well as move the Heart.
We saw how o'er the stops his Fingers bound,
And blest the Skill, which we so wondrous found ;
Divine he seem'd,---- or something more than Man,
But now he's less, contracted to a Span.

Lament, lament, ye wretched Nymphs and Swains,
Lament, Great Pan deceas'd, in Mournfull Strains.

Dull *Mævius* Sonnets how did he refine !
 To pleasing Notes, harsh, grating Numbers joyn !
 He smooth'd our words, and fill'd our uncouth Tongue,
 And polish'd well each Line of ev'ry Song.
 Whene'er the Artfull Shepherd sat and play'd,
 The mute Creation hark'd, his Charm obey'd :
 The lowing Herds to hear him wond'ring stood,
 And bleating Flocks, regardless of their Food.
 The Feather'd Choir descending throng'd each Bow,
 Then mounting chirp'd, and try'd such Notes to show ;
 The Finny People leap'd above the Flood,
 To view what 'twas, that their Attention woo'd :
 Impatient of the Bliss, they reach the Side,
 Assisted by the timely flowing Tide ;
 Mindfull of Sounds they never heard before,
 And heedless of the Ebb, they're left on Shore.
 Whene'er the mighty Songster rais'd his Voice,
 He check'd each murmur, still'd each louder Noise :
 The foaming Surges did forget to roar,
 And raging Billows durst not brave the Shore.
 He smooth'd the Brow of ev'ry wrinkled Stream,
 And blust'ring Winds hung lull'd as in a Dream :
 No gentle Breeze cou'd rise to lay a Sweat,
 No breath of Air cou'd fan the sultry Heat ;
 Whole Nature bow'd, own'd his miraculous Art,
 To which she largely did her self impart.
 Thus pow'rfull were His Songs ; ----but he's no more,
 Ah ! rigid Fate ! in vain we thee implore.

Lament, lament, ye wretched Nymphs and Swains,
Lament, Great Pan deceas'd, in Mournfull Strains.

For ever ceast are now those lightsome Airs,
 Which brisk'd our Spirits thro' our raptur'd Ears :

For

For ever ceast are now those tender Lays,
 Which loves sweet Passion mov'd ten thousand ways.
 Lost is that vast Excess of Tunefull Skill,
 That cou'd command the stubborn Notes at will :
 And can I speak it ? Oh ! the best of Swains
 Is lost, that ever grac'd *Arcadia's* Plains ;
 * *Lost is my Quiet*, now he rest has found,
 When shall we hear such an enchanting Sound ?
 Ah ! He was sweet as Love, Ah ! He was all
 That we can Charming or Harmonious call.
 Sweetness Divine bloom'd in His cheerfull Face,
 His Looks bespoke Him blest with ev'ry Grace ;
 He was, my *Thyfis*, more than I can say,
 In His Encomiums I cou'd waste the Day :
 Great *Orpheus* Lyre charm'd fair *Euridice*
 To th'Verge of Light, Life and Felicity :
 But who can from the Shades our *Orpheus* call ?
 Nought cou'd but His own moving Notes prevail ;
 But stiff those Fingers are, this lower World
 Which mov'd, and into sweet Confusion hurl'd :
 For ever is that well-tun'd, hallow'd Breath,
 Which gave Swains Life, stopt by malignant Death ;
 All cold and breathless on the Turf he lies,
 Eternal Darknes hath seal'd up his Eyes.

Lament, lament, ye wretched Nymphs and Swains,
Lament Great Pan deceas'd, in Mournfull Strains.

Come all ye Shepherds, with sad Dirges, come,
 And sing alternately around His Tomb ;
 In dolefull Sounds vent your enlarged Woes,
 And let Sighs intermix'd short Rests compose :
 While freshest Greens your Shepherdesses crop,
 Which Honey Sweat and *Nectar* Juices drop,

* An admir-
able Song by
Mr. Purcell.

With od'rous Herbs His Sepulchre to strow ;
 Bring Flow'rs, ye Nymphs, and Garlands to bestow.
 Ye Muses, deck with Elegies His Hearse,
 Embalm His Name with ever-living Verse :
 And when some faded Flow'r all pale appears,
 Instill new Verdure with a Show'r of Tears.

*Come all lament, lament in Mournfull Strains,
 Great Pan deceas'd, late Glory of these Plains.*

But hark !

Strange warbling Notes my Ears with pleasure wound ;
 Hark ! how the Spheres melodiously resound !
 Lo ! Cherubs come to convoy Him to go,
 And sing those strains above, he play'd below :
 Seraphl, t'aid his new Birth, descend and sing,
 So tunefuls Birds do hatch the pregnant Spring.
 And lo ! Heav'n's Terras sacred Minstrels throng,
 Some tune their Lyres, and some prepare a Song :
 And now with Golden Harps and Hymns Divine
 They mingle all, and in full Consort joyn :
 Myriads of Angels with Immortal State,
 On mighty *Pan* as His Retinue wait ;
 Upwards he soars, wing'd with Harmonious Fire,
 And Earthly Joys compleats, and the Cælestial Quire.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Pag. 2. lin. 20. for then read thin. L. 25. for Arcadia r. Arcadic. L. 30. for Swains r. Strains.

